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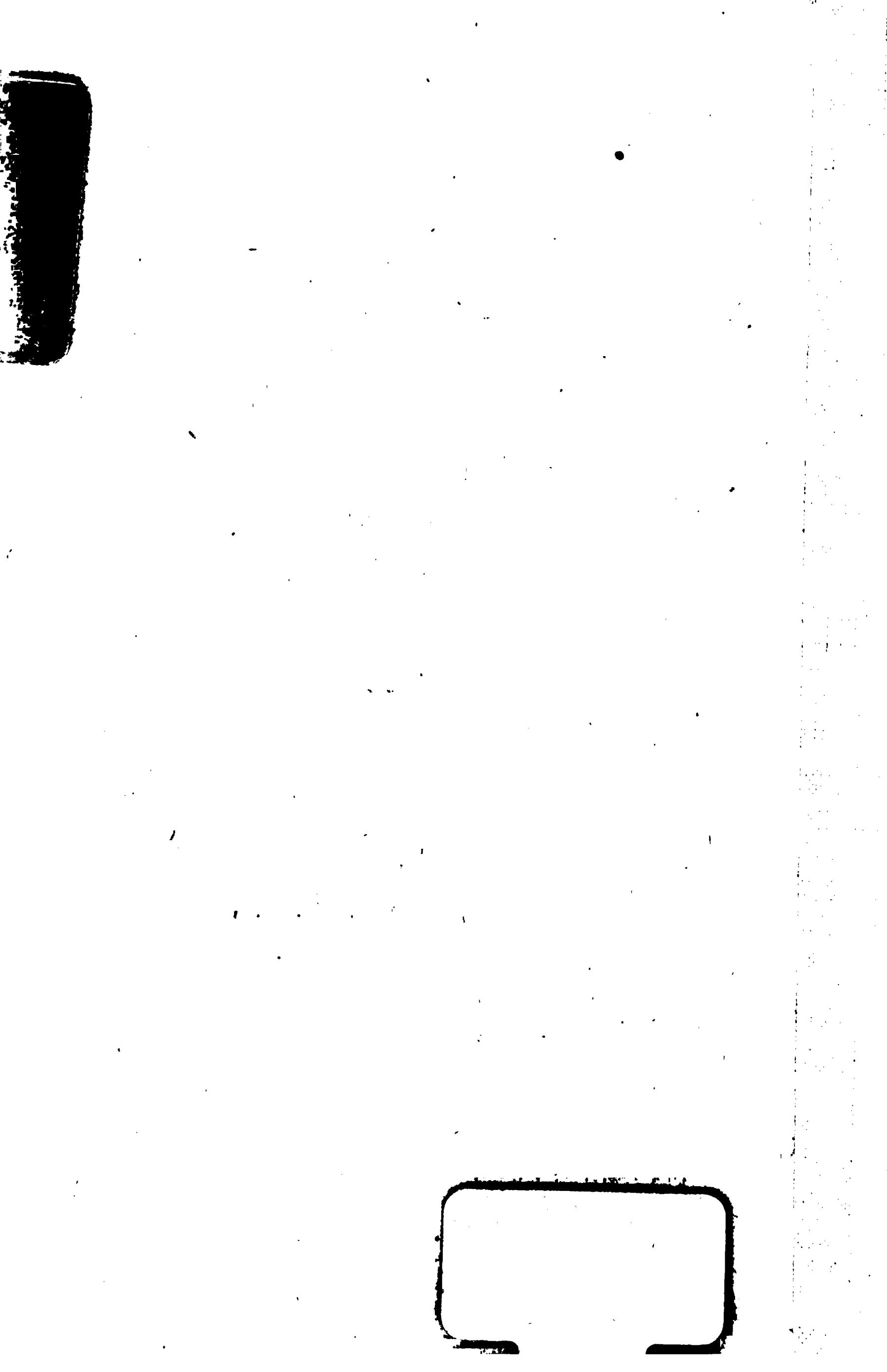
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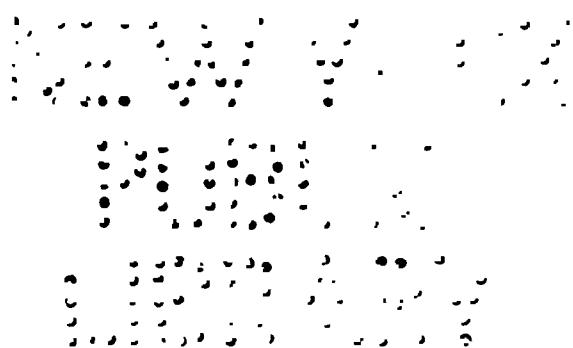
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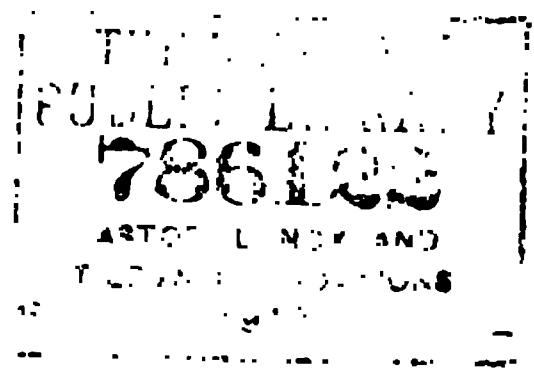
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To

MY WIFE

CHARLES

MANSON

## I.

LONG, long ago, when all the glittering  
earth

Was heaven itself, when drunkards in the  
street

Were like mazed kings shaking at giving  
birth

To acts of war that sickle men like wheat ;

When the white clover opened Paradise

And God lived in a cottage up the brook,

Beauty, you lifted up my sleeping eyes

And filled my heart with longing with a look.

And all the day I searched but could not find

The beautiful dark-eyed who touched me  
there.

Delight in her made trouble in my mind.

She was within all Nature, everywhere.

The breath I breathed, the brook, the flower,  
the grass,

Were her, her word, her beauty, all she was.

## II.

NIGHT came again, but now I could  
not sleep ;

The owls were watching in the yew, the  
mice

Gnawed at the wainscot. The mid dark was  
deep.

The death-watch knocked the dead man's  
summons thrice.

The cats upon the pointed housetops peered  
About the chimneys, with lit eyes which saw  
Things in the darkness, moving, which they  
feared ;

The midnight filled the quiet house with  
awe.

So, creeping down the stair, I drew the bolt  
And passed into the darkness, and I knew  
That Beauty was brought near by my revolt.  
Beauty was in the moonlight, in the dew,  
But more within myself, whose venturous  
tread

Walked the dark house where death-ticks  
called the dead.

### III.

EVEN after all these years there comes  
the dream  
Of lovelier life than this in some new earth,  
In the full summer of that unearthly gleam  
Which lights the spirit when the brain gives  
birth ;  
Of a perfected I, in happy hours,  
Treading above the sea that trembles there,  
A path through thickets of immortal flowers  
That only grow where sorrows never were ;  
And, at a turn, of coming face to face  
With Beauty's self, that Beauty I have sought  
In women's hearts, in friends, in many a place,  
In barren hours passed at grips with thought,  
Beauty of woman, comrade, earth and sea,  
Incarnate thought come face to face with me.

## IV.

IF I could come again to that dear place  
Where once I came, where Beauty lived  
and moved,

Where, by the sea, I saw her face to face,  
That soul alive by which the world has loved;  
If, as I stood at gaze among the leaves,  
She would appear again as once before,  
While the red herdsman gathered up his  
sheaves

And brimming waters trembled up the shore;  
If, as I gazed, her Beauty that was dumb,  
In that old time, before I learned to speak,  
Would lean to me and revelation come,  
Words to the lips and colour to the cheek,  
Joy with its searing-iron would burn me  
wise;

I should know all, all powers, all mysteries.

V.

HERE in the self is all that man can  
know

Of Beauty, all the wonder, all the power,  
All the unearthly colour, all the glow,  
Here in the self which withers like a flower;  
Here in the self which fades as hours pass,  
And droops and dies and rots and is forgotten  
Sooner, by ages, than the mirroring glass  
In which it sees its glory still unrotten.  
Here in the flesh, within the flesh, behind,  
Swift in the blood and throbbing on the  
bone,

Beauty herself, the universal mind,  
Eternal April wandering alone ;  
The god, the holy ghost, the atoning lord,  
Here in the flesh, the never yet explored.

## VI.

FLESH, I have knocked at many a dusty  
door,  
Gone down full many a windy midnight  
lane,  
Probed in old walls and felt along the floor,  
Pressed in blind hope the lighted window-  
pane.  
But useless all, though sometimes when the  
moon  
Was full in heaven and the sea was full,  
Along my body's alleys came a tune  
Played in the tavern by the Beautiful.  
Then for an instant I have felt at point  
To find and seize her, whosoe'er she be,  
Whether some saint whose glory doth anoint  
Those whom she loves, or but a part of me,  
Or something that the things not understood  
Make for their uses out of flesh and blood.

## VII.

BUT all has passed, the tune has died away,

The glamour gone, the glory ; is it chance ?  
Is the unfeeling mud stabbed by a ray  
Cast by an unseen splendour's great advance ?  
Or does the glory gather crumb by crumb  
Unseen, within, as coral islands rise,  
Till suddenly the apparitions come  
Above the surface, looking at the skies ?  
Or does sweet Beauty dwell in lovely things  
Scattering the holy hintings of her name  
In women, in dear friends, in flowers, in  
springs,  
In the brook's voice, for us to catch the  
same ?  
Or is it we who are Beauty, we who ask ?  
We by whose gleams the world fulfils its  
task.

## VIII.

THESE myriad days, these many thousand hours,  
A man's long life, so choked with dusty things,  
How little perfect poise with perfect powers,  
Joy at the heart and Beauty at the springs.  
One hour, or two, or three, in long years scattered,  
Sparks from a smithy that have fired a thatch,  
Are all that life has given and all that mattered;  
The rest, all heaving at a moveless latch.  
For these, so many years of useless toil,  
Despair, endeavour, and again despair,  
Sweat, that the base machine may have its oil,  
Idle delight to tempt one everywhere.  
A life upon the cross. To make amends,  
Three flaming memories that the deathbed ends.

## IX.

THERE, on the darkened deathbed, dies  
the brain  
That flared three several times in seventy  
years.

It cannot lift the silly hand again,  
Nor speak, nor sing, it neither sees nor hears;  
And muffled mourners put it in the ground  
And then go home, and in the earth it lies  
Too dark for vision and too deep for sound,  
The million cells that made a good man  
wise.

Yet for a few short years an influence stirs,  
A sense or wraith or essence of him dead,  
Which makes insensate things its ministers  
To those beloved, his spirit's daily bread;  
Then that, too, fades; in book or deed a  
spark

Lingers, then that, too, fades; then all is  
dark.

## X.

**S**O in the empty sky the stars appear,  
Are bright in heaven marching through  
the sky,  
Spinning their planets, each one to his year,  
Tossing their fiery hair until they die ;  
Then in the tower afar the watcher sees  
The sun, that burned, less noble than it was,  
Less noble still, until by dim degrees  
No spark of him is specklike in his glass.  
Then blind and dark in heaven the sun  
proceeds,  
Vast, dead and hideous, knocking on his  
moons,  
Till crashing on his like creation breeds,  
Striking such life, a constellation swoons ;  
From dead things striking fire a new sun  
springs,  
New fire, new life, new planets with new  
wings.

## XI.

IT may be so with us, that in the dark,  
When we have done with Time and  
wander Space,

Some meeting of the blind may strike a  
spark,

And to Death's empty mansion give a grace.

It may be, that the loosened soul may find

Some new delight of living without limbs,

Bodiless joy of flesh-untrammelled mind,

Peace like a sky where starlike spirit swims.

It may be, that the million cells of sense,

Loosed from their seventy years' adhesion,

pass

Each to some joy of changed experience,

Weight in the earth or glory in the grass.

It may be, that we cease ; we cannot tell.

Even if we cease, life is a miracle.

## XII.

WHAT am I, Life? A thing of watery  
salt

Held in cohesion by unresting cells  
Which work they know not why, which  
never halt,

Myself unwitting where their master dwells.  
I do not bid them, yet they toil, they spin ;  
A world which uses me as I use them,  
Nor do I know which end or which begin,  
Nor which to praise, which pamper, which  
condemn.

So, like a marvel in a marvel set,  
I answer to the vast, as wave by wave  
The sea of air goes over, dry or wet,  
Or the full moon comes swimming from  
her cave,  
Or the great sun comes north, this myriad I  
Tingles, not knowing how, yet wondering  
why.

### XIII.

IF I could get within this changing I,  
This ever altering thing which yet  
persists,  
Keeping the features it is reckoned by,  
While each component atom breaks or  
twists,  
If, wandering past strange groups of shifting  
forms,  
Cells at their hidden marvels hard at work,  
Pale from much toil, or red from sudden  
storms,  
I might attain to where the Rulers lurk.  
If, pressing past the guards in those grey  
gates,  
The brain's most folded, intertwined shell,  
I might attain to that which alters fates,  
The King, the supreme self, the Master Cell;  
Then, on Man's earthly peak, I might  
behold  
The unearthly self beyond, unguessed,  
untold.

## XIV.

WHAT is this atom which contains  
the whole,  
This miracle which needs adjuncts so strange,  
This, which imagined God and is the soul,  
The steady star persisting amid change?  
What waste, that smallness of such power  
should need  
Such clumsy tools so easy to destroy,  
Such wasteful servants difficult to feed,  
Such indirect dark avenues to joy.  
Why, if its business is not mainly earth,  
Should it demand such heavy chains to  
sense?  
A heavenly thing demands a swifter birth,  
A quicker hand to act intelligence;  
An earthly thing were better like the rose,  
At peace with clay from which its beauty  
grows.

## XV.

AH, we are neither heaven nor earth,  
But men ;  
Something that uses and despises both,  
That takes its earth's contentment in the  
pen,  
Then sees the world's injustice and is wroth,  
And flinging off youth's happy promise,  
flies  
Up to some breach, despising earthly things,  
And, in contempt of hell and heaven, dies  
Rather than bear some yoke of priests or  
kings.  
Our joys are not of heaven nor earth, but  
man's,  
A woman's beauty, or a child's delight,  
The trembling blood when the discoverer  
scans  
The sought-for world, the guessed-at satel-  
lite ;  
The ringing scene, the stone at point to  
blush  
For unborn men to look at and say "Hush."

## XVI.

**R**OSES are beauty, but I never see  
Those blood drops from the burning  
heart of June

Glowing like thought upon the living tree  
Without a pity that they die so soon,  
Die into petals, like those roses old,  
Those women, who were summer in men's  
hearts

Before the smile upon the Sphinx was cold  
Or sand had hid the Syrian and his arts.

O myriad dust of beauty that lies thick  
Under our feet that not a single grain  
But stirred and moved in beauty and was  
quick

For one brief moon and died nor lived  
again;

But when the moon rose lay upon the grass  
Pasture to living beauty, life that was.

## XVII.

OVER the church's door they moved a  
stone,  
And there, unguessed, forgotten, mortared  
up,  
Lay the priest's cell where he had lived  
alone.  
There was his ashy hearth, his drinking cup,  
There was his window whence he saw the  
host,  
The God whose beauty quickened bread  
and wine ;  
The skeleton of a religion lost,  
The ghostless bones of what had been  
divine.

O many a time the dusty masons come  
Knocking their trowels in the stony brain  
To cells where perished priests had once a  
home,  
Or where devout brows pressed the window  
pane,  
Watching the thing made God, the God  
whose bones  
Bind underground our soul's foundation  
stones.

## XVIII.

OUT of the clouds come torrents, from  
the earth  
Fire and quakings, from the shrieking air  
Tempests that harry half the planet's girth.  
Death's unseen seeds are scattered every-  
where.  
Yet in his iron cage the mind of man  
Measures and braves the terrors of all these.  
The blindest fury and the subtlest plan  
He turns, or tames, or shows in their degrees.  
Yet in himself are forces of like power,  
Untamed, unreckoned; seeds that brain to  
brain  
Pass across oceans bringing thought to flower,  
New worlds, new selves, where he can live  
again  
Eternal beauty's everlasting rose  
Which casts this world as shadow as it goes.

## XIX.

O LITTLE self, within whose smallness lies

All that man was, and is, and will become,  
Atom unseen that comprehends the skies  
And tells the tracks by which the planets  
roam ;

That, without moving, knows the joys of  
wings,

The tiger's strength, the eagle's secrecy,  
And in the hovel can consort with kings,  
Or clothe a God with his own mystery.

O with what darkness do we cloak thy light,  
What dusty folly gather thee for food,  
Thou who alone art knowledge and delight,  
The heavenly bread, the beautiful, the good.  
O living self, O God, O morning star,  
Give us thy light, forgive us what we are.

## XX.

I WENT into the fields, but you were  
there

Waiting for me, so all the summer flowers  
Were only glimpses of your starry powers ;  
Beautiful and inspired dust they were.

I went down by the waters, and a bird  
Sang with your voice in all the unknown tones  
Of all that self of you I have not heard,  
So that my being felt you to the bones.

I went into the house, and shut the door  
To be alone, but you were there with me ;  
All beauty in a little room may be,  
Though the roof lean and muddy be the floor,

Then in my bed I bound my tired eyes  
To make a darkness for my weary brain ;  
But like a presence you were there again,  
Being and real, beautiful and wise,

So that I could not sleep, and cried aloud,  
“ You strange grave thing, what is it you  
would say ? ”

The redness of your dear lips dimmed to grey,  
The waters ebbed, the moon hid in a cloud.

## XXI.

THIS is the living thing that cannot stir.

Where the seed chances there it roots and grows,

To suck what makes the lily or the fir  
Out of the earth and from the air that blows,  
Great power of Will that little thing the seed

Has, all alone in earth, to plan the tree,  
And, though the mud oppresses, to succeed  
And put out branches where the birds may be.  
Then the wind blows it, but the bending boughs

Exult like billows, and their million green  
Drink the all-living sunlight in carouse,  
Like dainty harts where forest wells are clean,  
While it, the central plant, which looks o'er miles,

Draws milk from the earth's breast, and sways, and smiles.

## XXII.

HERE, where we stood together, we  
three men,

Before the war had swept us to the East,  
Three thousand miles away, I stand agen  
And hear the bells, and breathe, and go to  
feast.

We trod the same path, to the self-same  
place,

Yet here I stand, having beheld their graves,  
Skyros whose shadows the great seas erase,  
And Seudi-el-Bahr that ever more blood  
craves.

So, since we communed here, our bones  
have been

Nearer, perhaps than they again will be.  
Earth and the world-wide battle lie between,  
Death lies between, and friend-destroying  
sea.

Yet here, a year ago, we talked and stood  
As I stand now, with pulses beating blood.

## XXIII.

I SAW her like a shadow on the sky  
In the last light, a blur upon the sea ;  
Then the gale's darkness put the shadow by.  
But from one grave that island talked to me ;  
And in the midnight, in the breaking storm,  
I saw its blackness and a blinding light,  
And thought " So death obscures your  
gentle form,  
So memory strives to make the darkness  
bright ;  
And, in that heap of rocks, your body lies,  
Part of the island till the planet ends,  
My gentle comrade, beautiful and wise,  
Part of this crag this bitter surge offends,  
While I, who pass, a little obscure thing,  
War with this force, and breathe, and am  
its king."

## XXIV.

LOOK at the grass, sucked by the seed  
from dust,  
Whose blood is the spring rain, whose food  
the sun,  
Whose life the scythe takes ere the sorrels  
rust,  
Whose stalk is chaff before the winter's done.  
Even the grass its happy moment has  
In May, when glistering buttercups make  
gold ;  
The exulting millions of the meadow-grass  
Give out a green thanksgiving from the  
mould.  
Even the blade that has not even a blossom  
Creates a mind, its joy's persistent soul  
Is a warm spirit on the old earth's bosom  
When April's fire has dwindled to a coal ;  
The spirit of the'grasses' joy makes fair  
The winter fields when even the wind goes  
bare.

## XXV.

**T**HREE is no God, as I was taught in  
youth,  
Though each, according to his stature, builds  
Some covered shrine for what he thinks the  
truth,  
Which day by day his reddest heart-blood  
gilds.  
There is no God ; but death, the clasping sea,  
In which we move like fish, deep over deep,  
Made of men's souls that bodies have set free,  
Floods to a Justice though it seems asleep.  
There is no God ; but still, behind the veil,  
The hurt thing works, out of its agony.  
Still like the given cruse that did not fail  
Return the pennies given to passers by.  
There is no God ; but we, who breathe the  
air,  
Are God ourselves, and touch God every-  
where.

## XXVI.

WHEREVER beauty has been quick  
in clay

Some effluence of it lives, a spirit dwells,  
Beauty that death can never take away  
Mixed with the air that shakes the flower  
bells ;

So that by waters where the apples fall,  
Or in lone glens, or valleys full of flowers,  
Or in the streets where bloody tidings call,  
The haunting waits the mood that makes it  
ours.

Then at a turn, a word, an act, a thought,  
Such difference comes ; the spirit apprehends  
That place's glory ; for where beauty fought  
Under the veil the glory never ends ;  
But the still grass, the leaves, the trembling  
flower

Keep, through dead time, that everlasting  
hour.

## XXVII.

BEAUTY, let be ; I cannot see your face,  
I shall not know you now, nor touch  
your feet,

Only within me tremble to your grace,  
Tasting this crumb vouchsafed which is so  
sweet.

Even when the full-leaved Summer bore no  
fruit

You gave me this, this apple of man's tree ;  
This planet sings when other spheres were  
mute,

This light begins when darkness covered me.  
Now, though I know that I shall never know  
All, through my fault, nor blazon with my  
pen

That path prepared where only I could go,  
Still, I have this, not given to other men :  
Beauty, this grace, this spring, this given  
bread,

This life, this dawn, this wakening from the  
dead.

## XXVIII.

YOU are more beautiful than women are,  
Wiser than men, stronger than ribbed  
death,

Juster than Time, more constant than the  
star,

Dearer than love, more intimate than breath,  
Having all art, all science, all control  
Over the still unsmithied, even as Time  
Cradles the generations of man's soul.

You are the light to guide, the way to climb.  
So, having followed beauty, having bowed  
To wisdom and to death, to law, to power,  
I like a blind man stumble from the crowd  
Into the darkness of a deeper hour,  
Where in the lonely silence I may wait  
The prayed-for gleam—your hand upon the  
gate.

## XXIX.

BEAUTY retires ; the blood out of the earth

Shrinks, the stalk dries, lifeless November still  
Drops the brown husk of April's greenest birth.

Through the thinned beech clump I can see the hill.

So withers man, and though his life renews  
In Aprils of the soul, an autumn comes  
Which gives an end, not respite, to the thews  
That bore his soul through the world's martyrdoms.

Then all the beauty will be out of mind,  
Part of man's store, that lies outside his brain,

Touch to the dead and vision to the blind,  
Drink in the desert, bread, eternal grain,  
Part of the untilled field that beauty sows  
With flowers untold, where quickened spirit goes.

### XXX.

NOT for the anguish suffered is the  
slur,  
Not for the woman's taunts, the mocks of  
men ;  
No, but because you never welcomed her,  
Her of whose beauty I am only the pen.

There was a dog, dog-minded, with dog's  
eyes,  
Damned by a dog's brute-nature to be true.  
Something within her made his spirit wise;  
He licked her hand, he knew her; not so you.

When all adulterate beauty has gone by,  
When all inanimate matter has gone down,  
We will arise and walk, that dog and I,  
The only two who knew her in the town.

We'll range the pleasant mountain side by  
side,  
Seeking the blood-stained flowers where  
Christ's have died.

## XXXI.

BEAUTY was with me once, but now,  
grown old,  
I cannot hear nor see her : thus a King  
In the high turret kept him from the cold  
Over the fire, with his magic ring,  
Which, as he wrought, made pictures come  
and go  
Of men and times, past, present, and to be ;  
Now like a smoke, now flame-like, now a  
glow,  
Now dead, now bright, but always fantasy,  
While, on the stair without, a faithful slave  
Stabbed to the death, crawled bleeding,  
whispering, “Sir,  
They come to kill you, fly : I come to save,  
O you great gods, for pity let him hear.”  
Then, with his last strength tapped, and  
muttered, “Sire.”  
While the King smiled and drowsed above  
the fire.

## XXXII.

SO beauty comes, so with a failing hand  
She knocks, and cries, and fails to make  
    me hear,  
She who tells futures in the falling sand,  
And still, by signs, makes hidden meanings  
    clear ;  
She, who behind this many peopled smoke,  
Moves in the light and struggles to direct,  
Through the deaf ear and by the baffled  
    stroke,  
The wicked man, the honoured architect.  
Yet at a dawn before the birds begin,  
In dreams, as the horse stamps and the  
    hound stirs,  
Sleep slips the bolt and beauty enters in  
Crying aloud those hurried words of hers,  
And I awake and, in the birded dawn,  
Know her for Queen, and own myself a  
    pawn.

### XXXIII.

YOU will remember me in days to come,  
With love, or pride, or pity, or contempt,  
So will my friends (not many friends, yet some),  
When this my life will be a dream out-dreamt;  
And one, remembering friendship by the fire,  
And one, remembering love time in the dark,  
And one, remembering unfulfilled desire,  
Will sigh, perhaps, yet be beside the mark ;  
For this my body with its wandering ghost  
Is nothing solely but an empty grange,  
Dark in a night that owls inhabit most,  
Yet when the King rides by there comes a change ;  
The windows gleam, the cresset's fiery hair  
Blasts the blown branch and beauty lodges there.

## XXXIV.

IF Beauty be at all, if, beyond sense,  
There be a wisdom piercing into brains,  
Why should the glory wait on impotence,  
Biding its time till blood is in the veins ?

There is no beauty, but, when thought is  
quick,  
Out of the noisy sickroom of ourselves .  
Some flattery comes to try to cheat the sick,  
Some drowsy drug is groped for on the  
shelves.

There is no beauty, for we tread a scene  
Red to the eye with blood of living things ;  
Thought is but joy from murder that has  
been,  
Life is but brute at war upon its kings.

There is no beauty, nor could beauty care  
For us, this dust, that men make every-  
where.

## XXXV.

O WRETCHED man, that, for a little  
mile,  
Crawls beneath heaven for his brother's  
blood,  
Whose days the planets number with their  
style,  
To whom all earth is slave, all living, food;

O withering man, within whose folded shell,  
Lies yet the seed, the spirit's quickening  
corn,  
That Time and Sun will change out of the  
cell  
Into green meadows, in the world unborn;

If Beauty be a dream, do but resolve  
And fire shall come, that in the stubborn  
clay  
Works to make perfect till the rocks dissolve,  
The barriers burst and beauty takes her way,

Beauty herself, within whose blossoming  
Spring  
Even wretched man shall clap his hands and  
sing.

## XXXVI.

NIGHT is on the downland, on the  
lonely moorland,  
On the hills where the wind goes over  
sheep-bitten turf,  
Where the bent grass beats upon the un-  
ploughed poorland  
And the pine woods roar like the surf.

Here the Roman lived on the wind-barren  
lonely,  
Dark now and haunted by the moorland  
fowl ;  
None comes here now but the peewit only,  
And moth-like death in the owl.

Beauty was here, on this beetle-droning  
downland ;  
The thought of a Cæsar in the purple came  
From his palace by the Tiber in the Roman  
townland  
To this wind-swept hill with no name.

Lonely Beauty came here and was here in  
sadness,  
Brave as a thought on the frontier of the  
mind,

In the camp of the wild upon the march of  
madness,  
The bright-eyed Queen of the blind.

Now where Beauty was are the wind-  
withered gorses  
Moaning like old men in the hill-wind's  
blast,  
The flying sky is dark with running horses  
And the night is full of the past.

## XXXVII.

If all be governed by the moving stars,  
If passing planets bring events to be,  
Searing the face of Time with bloody scars,  
Drawing men's souls even as the moon the  
sea,

If as they pass they make a current pass  
Across man's life and heap it to a tide,  
We are but pawns, ignobler than the grass  
Cropped by the beast and crunched and  
tossed aside.

Is all this beauty that doth inhabit heaven  
Train of a planet's fire? Is all this lust  
A chymic means by warring stars contriven  
To bring the violets out of Cæsar's dust?  
Better be grass, or in some hedge unknown  
The spilling rose whose beauty is its own.

## XXXVIII.

**I**N emptiest furthest heaven where no stars are,

Perhaps some planet of our master sun  
Still rolls an unguessed orbit round its star,  
Unthought, unseen, unknown of anyone.

Roving dead space according to its law,  
Casting our light on burnt-out suns and blind,

Singing in the frozen void its word of awe,  
One wandering thought in all that idiot mind.

And, in some span of many a thousand year,  
Passing through heaven its influence may arouse

Beauty unguessed in those who habit here,  
And men may rise with glory on their brows

And feel new life like fire, and see the old  
Fall from them dead, the bronze's broken mould.

## XXXIX.

PERHAPS in chasms of the wasted past,  
That planet wandered within hail of  
ours,  
And plucked men's souls to loveliness and  
cast  
The old, that was, away, like husks of  
flowers ;  
And made them stand erect and bade them  
build  
Nobler than hovels plaited in the mire,  
Gave them an altar and a God to gild,  
Bridled the brooks for them and fettered fire;  
And, in another coming, forged the steel  
Which, on life's scarlet wax, for ever set  
Longing for beauty bitten as a seal  
That blood not clogs nor centuries forget,  
That built Atlantis, and, in time, will raise  
That grander thing whose image haunts our  
days.

## XL.

FOR, like an outcast from the city, I  
Wander the desert strewn with travellers'  
bones,

Having no comrade but the starry sky  
Where the tuned planets ride their floating  
thrones.

I pass old ruins where the kings caroused  
In cups long shards from vines long since  
decayed,

I tread the broken brick where queens were  
housed

In beauty's time ere beauty was betrayed,  
And in the ceaseless pitting of the sand  
On monolith and pyle, I see the dawn  
Making those skeletons of beauty grand  
By fire that comes as darkness is withdrawn,  
And, in that fire, the art of men to come  
Shines with such glow I bless my martyrdom.

## XLI.

DEATH lies in wait for you, you wild  
thing in the wood,  
Shy-footed beauty dear, half-seen, half-  
understood,  
Glimpsed in the beech-wood dim and in the  
dropping fir,  
Shy like a fawn and sweet and beauty's  
minister.

Glimpsed as in flying clouds by night the  
little moon,  
A wonder, a delight, a paleness passing soon.

Only a moment held, only an hour seen,  
Only an instant known in all that life has  
been,  
One instant in the sand to drink that gush  
of grace,  
The beauty of your way, the marvel of your  
face.

Death lies in wait for you, but few short  
hours he gives ;  
I perish even as you by whom all spirit lives.  
Come to me, spirit, come, and fill my hour  
of breath  
With hours of life in life that pay no toll to  
death.

## XLII.

THEY called that broken hedge The  
Haunted Gate.

Strange fires (they said) burnt there at  
moonless times.

Evil was there, men never went there late,  
The darkness there was quick with threatened  
crimes.

And then one digging in that bloodied clay  
Found, but a foot below, a rotted chest.

Coins of the Romans, tray on rusted tray,  
Hurriedly heaped there by a digger prest.

So that one knew how, centuries before,  
Some Roman flying from the sack by night,  
Digging in terror there to hide his store,  
Sweating his pick, by windy lantern light,  
Had stamped his anguish on that place's  
soul,

So that it knew and could rehearse the  
whole.

## XLIII.

THERE was an evil in the nodding  
wood

Above the quarry long since overgrown,  
Something which stamped it as a place of  
blood

Where tortured spirit cried from murdered  
bone.

Then, after years, I saw a rusty knife  
Stuck in a woman's skull, just as 'twas  
found,

Blact with a centuried crust of clotted life,  
In the red clay of that unholy ground.

So that I knew the unhappy thing had  
spoken,

That tongueless thing for whom the quarry  
spoke,

The evil seals of murder had been broken  
By the red earth, the grass, the rooted oak.  
The inarticulate dead had forced the spade,  
The hand, the mind, till murder was dis-  
played.

## XLIV.

GO, spend your penny, Beauty, when  
you will,  
In the grave's darkness let the stamp be lost.  
The water still will bubble from the hill,  
And April quick the meadows with her  
ghost ;  
Over the grass the daffodils will shiver,  
The primroses with their pale beauty  
abound,  
The blackbird be a lover and make quiver  
With his glad singing the great soul of the  
ground ;  
So that if the body rot, it will not matter ;  
Up in the earth the great game will go on,  
The coming of spring and the running of  
the water,  
And the young things glad of the womb's  
darkness gone.  
And the joy we felt will be a part of the  
glory  
In the lover's kiss that makes the old  
couple's story.

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## XLV.

THOUGH in life's streets the tempting  
shops have lured  
Because all beauty, howsoever base,  
Is vision of you, marred, I have endured,  
Tempted or fall'n, to look upon your face.  
Now through the grinning death's-head in  
the paint,  
Within the tavern-song, hid in the wine,  
In many-kinded man, emperor and saint,  
I see you pass, you breath of the divine.  
I see you pass, as centuries ago  
The long dead men with passionate spirit  
saw.  
O brother man, whom spirit habits so,  
Through your red sorrows Beauty keeps  
her law,  
Beauty herself, who takes your dying hand,  
To leave through Time the Memnon in the  
sand.

## XLVI.

WHEN all these million cells that are  
my slaves  
Fall from my pourried ribs and leave me  
lone,  
A living speck among a world of graves,  
What shall I be, that spot in the unknown?  
A glow-worm in a night that floats the sun?  
Or deathless dust feeling the passer's foot?  
An eye undying mourning things undone?  
Or seed for quickening free from prisoning  
fruit?  
Or an eternal jewel on your robe,  
Caught to your heart, one with the April  
1783  
fire  
That made me yours as man upon the globe,  
One with the spring, a breath in all desire,  
One with the primrose, present in all joy?  
Or pash that rots, which pismires<sup>etc</sup> can  
destroy?

## XLVII.

LET that which is to come be as it may,  
Darkness, extinction, justice, life intense,  
The flies are happy in the summer day,  
Flies will be happy many summers hence.  
Time with his antique breeds that built the  
Sphinx,  
Time with her men to come whose wings  
will tower,  
Poured and will pour, not as the wise man  
thinks,  
But with blind force, to each his little hour.  
And when the hour has struck, comes death  
or change,  
Which, whether good or ill we cannot tell,  
But the blind planet will wander through  
her range  
Bearing men like us who will serve as well.  
The sun will rise, the winds that ever move  
Will blow our dust that once were men in  
love.



